

# THE MARBLE HILL PRESS.

TOM ALLEN, Editor and Proprietor.

MARBLE HILL, MISSOURI.

The saddest thing about the fire in the world's fair buildings is that there is to be no opportunity for the phoenix editor to exercise his prerogatives.

Evening Chicago hotels might have won eternal fame had she appeared on the scene a few months ago when the fair was at its height.

FRENCH and English troops have been fighting in the dark, each force apparently under the impression that it was potting a few of the uncivilized who refuse to be guided into the paths of refinement. If the forces succeeded in a measure in civilizing each other the incident might fairly be considered closed and no harm done.

The university of Chicago may now be considered fully established among institutions of art and letters. It contains manly intellect enough to paint a cow into a zebra and hang Midway plaineance tags on the doors of the women students' dormitory. It is achievements of this nature that fix the status in the modern universities in the United States.

The latest from Brazil is to the effect that President Peixoto will send up a balloon from which to drop dynamite bombs on Admiral Mello's navy. If he should carelessly drop a few on the fellows who are daily sending out bogus war news from Rio, the cause of decent journalism would not suffer an irreparable loss. If Mello can't stop lying, Peixoto.

The young war lord of Germany has issued an address in which he declared that the sender of the infernal machine failed in his purpose because the kaiser was "under the protection of the Almighty." Of course he is entitled to that belief but the fact that he never opens packages himself but lets others take the chances, was the real reason for the failure.

With his usual solemnity Mr. Gladstone has informed the house of commons that he does not think this a favorable time to propose to the European powers a policy of mutual disarmament. The humor of the question was doubtless apparent to everybody except the man who asked it, whose name is Byles, and to the Grand Old Man, who went to the polite trouble of answering it.

CHARLES HART was a bad boy in school, read dime novels, made his worthy teacher dance at the pistol's point, and rising to be chief of a robber band has just been slain by his "pals." There are several lessons somewhere in this set of circumstances, one of them pointing to the advisability of a robber chief, under certain conditions, getting "the drop" on his "pals" first.

While a fight was in progress in the streets of New Orleans a lady leaned from her window to get a better view. As she was thus improving her mind and edifying her spiritual parts a thief entered her room and stole a purse containing \$105. However, the thief did not so much as obtain a glimpse of the mill, which is said to have been of much excellence. This circumstance seems to comfort the lady much.

The profession of letters has undergone a considerable change since the friars, penniless and without wish for peace, wandered first, teaching and exhorting among the lakes of Oxford and the dales of Cambridge. President Andrews of Brown, has declined an offer of \$10,000 a year, with six months' leave of absence, to become chancellor of the university of Chicago. The six months' leave of absence was to enable him to spend some of the money.

That the influence of the Columbian exposition is to be wide and practical has already been shown in numerous ways. The latest illustration is a summons by the president of the German imperial railway bureau to German military and civil representatives who were sent to the exposition to study the railroad exhibits. They are to make official individual reports, and from these improvements in the German railway service are to be proposed.

SOME of the doctors are agitating the question again as to whether vaccination is a preventive of smallpox; whether the preventive does not involve dangers greater and more numerous than the disease involves; how frequently vaccination should occur. Under the best system of vaccination, practiced by the hands, some serious results. But the number is so small that danger may be disregarded in comparison with all the losses by which smallpox has been banished from among

## NETTIE'S PUNISHMENT



"Wont it be nice?" she asked. "Mother says we may have dancing after tea, and my sister Dora has been teaching me to waltz. It isn't so very hard to do. Father is going to show his magic lantern."

A chorus of approval greeted this statement. "And we shall have games, besides; Bob and Dora know so many Musical Chairs, and Hunt the Slipper, and Dumb Charades."

Bee was a merry, good-tempered little girl, and very popular with her companions; but during the next few days she found herself the object of more attention than she had ever before received. Ada Martin made a ring of many-colored beads for her, Gracie Turner lent her a storybook, and Maud Ellis lent her her skipping-rope during recreation hour.

Two days before the birthday Bee brought half a dozen little notes, folded in the shape of cocked hats, to school and distributed them with an important air. Ada, Maud and Gracie were three of the fortunate ones, and the others were Flo and Katie Seton, a pair of twin sisters, and a young girl named Nettie Coulter.

"I wrote the invitations myself last night," said Bee, proudly. "Dora told me how to spell the hard words, and Bob did the folding."

Perhaps Nettie Coulter was the one to whom the invitation gave most pleasure, for she had not expected it. She was a shy child of seven, and had not long attended the school. Her eyes sparkled as she thanked Bee, and when lessons were over her eager little feet carried her home in a very short time.

"Mother, may I go to Bee's party?" she cried, holding the note aloft in triumph.

The mother smiled at her impetuous little maid, and pointed to the books that Nettie had flung on the table.

"Put your things tidily away first, my dear, and then tell me all about it."

"There's the note, mother," said Nettie, hastening to obey. "You know Bee, don't you? She brought me home one day when I had a fall in the playground."

"So that was Bee?" said Mrs. Coulter. "She seemed a nice little girl. Would you like to go to this party, Nettie?"

"Oh, mother!"—Nettie's face was suffused with joy.

"Then I think you may, dear. I will have your white frock ready by Friday afternoon."

"Thank you, mother. Oh, I am so happy! I shall think about the party every minute until the time comes."

"Don't think about it too much, dearie, or your lessons will suffer, and Miss Stewart will not be pleased with you."

This was good advice, but Nettie did not profit by it. She was so impatient to her lessons next day that her teacher was obliged to speak sharply to her more than once, and on Friday matters were worse.

"What are you thinking of, Nettie?" asked Miss Stewart when Nettie had told her for the second time that an island was a portion of water entirely surrounded by land. "You cannot have studied your lesson. If you do not do better I shall be obliged to keep you in this afternoon."

Nettie felt rather alarmed at this threat, and when Miss Stewart returned her book she set to work in real earnest to learn her task, succeeding so well that she was able to repeat it perfectly in half an hour.

This was something gained, but there was still a sum to be done. Nettie did not like arithmetic, and she pouted as she took her slate and looked at the row of figures that were to be multiplied by two. It was a very easy sum, but anything will seem difficult to a little girl whose attention is not given to her work.

"Twice three are"—Nettie yawned, and idly tapped the slate with her pencil. Was mother ironing her white frock? she wondered. Would she bring out her pink sash and pretty bronze shoes? Would Mr. Norris show many funny pictures with his magic lantern?

Twice three—Twice three—to be sure, that made seven, and down went a figure seven on the slate. Twice one made two, of course. That was easy enough. The sum was nearly finished now; only one figure to be multiplied. Nettie paused again, and wondered what sort of a game "Musical Chairs" was.

"Nettie!" called Miss Stewart.

Nettie started and looked at her slate. She had not yet discovered how many two would make when multiplied by the same number. Without stopping to reflect, she put down a five, then went up to the teacher's desk.

"I have been looking at you, Nettie," said Miss Stewart, severely. "and I am quite sure you have not tried to do your sum correctly. I really must punish you this time."

She led the little girl to a stool that was placed in the center of the room, and bade her seat herself upon it. Crimson with shame and distress, Nettie obeyed, and then Miss Stewart brought from the cupboard a cup of stiff, brown paper, upon which the word "Dunce" was inscribed in big

black letters, and placed it on the drooping head. Poor Nettie! She sat quite still, her hands in her lap and the lids veiling her blue eyes. She was too much ashamed even to cry, and she dared not meet the glances of her companions. She felt very unhappy as she thought that now she would be kept in, and would perhaps be too late for the party. Even if not, could she face Bee and her friends after this disgrace?

The clock struck four. Books were put away and the children were dismissed, all except Nettie. Miss Stewart took no notice of her, and the little girl began to wonder if her teacher would go home and leave her there alone. Tears rose to her eyes and rolled down her flushed cheeks.

Miss Stewart heard the sound of sobbing, and came to the little girl's side. Then Nettie begged to be forgiven, and confessed what had been the cause of her carelessness. Miss Stewart smiled as she removed the dunce's cap.

"I believe you will not let it happen again," she said. "You will learn, Nettie, that play is all the sweeter when work is well done. Now let me see if you cannot get this sum right."

The sum was done correctly in a few seconds. Nettie was surprised that she had found it so difficult before, for it seemed quite simple now.

Five minutes later Mrs. Coulter, looking from her open doorway, saw her little daughter coming down the street.

"How late you are, dear!" she said. "Have you been crying, Nettie?"

Then Nettie told her trouble, half fearing that mother would reproach her, but she did not. She saw that Nettie had been sufficiently punished for her fault. So she brought out the white frock and bronze shoes, and be-



gan to dress the little girl for the party. Nettie was soon ready, and then mother produced a box of chocolate creams, tied with white ribbons, and with a picture of a little girl upon the lid.

"You must give this to Bee for a birthday present," she said.

"Mother, how good you are! And I've been so naughty. I will try to be a good girl always."

Bee's home was not far away, and Nettie soon reached it. She could hear the sound of merry voices inside as she timidly knocked at the door. It was opened by Bee.

"Come in, Nettie," she cried. "We would not begin tea until you came."

Nettie followed Bee into the parlor, feeling a little uneasy lest some remark might be made about what had happened at school, but nobody said a word about it, so Nettie soon got over her shyness.

And Mr. Norris showed so many comical pictures, and told such funny stories, that Nettie enjoyed the party even more than she had anticipated.

### John Howard Payne's Claim.

When John Howard Payne, the author of "Home, Sweet Home," died in Tunis, in 1852, the government owed him \$205.92 salary as consul at that place. It has been owing it ever since. Payne's heirs are now trying to get congress to make an appropriation to discharge the obligation. If compound interest should be reckoned on the sum for the forty-one years that have elapsed the heirs of the poet would receive a comfortable fortune. However, the bill that has been introduced for their relief only appropriates the amount of the original claim, \$205.92, which is not enough to fight over. The government does not allow interest on unclaimed money left in its possession.

### Fuel of the Future.

Fritter—What are your ideas about the fuel of the future?

Twitter—That is a question that does not concern me. I have conscientiously tried to make my life such an exemplary one as to relieve me of all fears of going where fuel will be needed in the future.

Fritter—You quite misunderstood me. I am thinking of the rise in coal and the necessity, sooner or later, of devising something to take its place. In the event, then, of a continued rise in coal, what do you think it would be best to burn?

Twitter—In such an event I should unhesitatingly advocate burning the coal dealers.

### What It May Come to.

"O'm sorry, ma'am," said the queen of the kitchen, "but O'll have to lave yez."

"Why, don't we treat you well?"

"O've nothin' to say agin the treatment, but yer ways o' livin' is uncongenial to me. However, O'm perfectly willin' to give yez a letter of recommendation to yer next cook."

## OUR WIT AND HUMOR.

### LATEST PRODUCTIONS OF THE FUNNY WRITERS.

The Race for the Shrievalty at Smithville Leads to a Sensational Cowhiding—The Irishman's Gun—A Fall Dress Affair.



### CARD OF THANKS

I take this opportunity of thanking my friends, through the columns of the Senator, for the interest manifested in my welfare during my short sojourn in the camp of the enemy. I am in this sheriff fight to stay. I am the owner and backer of this paper, and am always ready and willing to deal out satisfaction to any and all parties who may not be satisfied with articles that appear in its columns. During my absence, Mr. Blackwell will see them, and in the absence of both, my wife will officiate. The editor of the Chronicle, an insignificant sheet that is thrust before the public eye at intervals to suit its drunken editor, has been throwing out insinuations in regard to our record. I want to say right here, that it is as clear as a mountain stream, and I shall make it a point to drop in and ventilate that gentleman as soon as he and that prominent citizen with red hair return from their pilgrimage into the interior. The cause of their absence was a regulation caliber revolver in the hands of our wife. We are a peaceable family, but the law of the land must be enforced, even though the population is decreased to some extent.

We are always ready to extend a helping hand to the needy, and a restraining one to the violent and immoral.

J. R. SMITH.

The day after the regular issue of the Senator that contained the above card, a small but compactly built female marched into the office, and pushing her straw hat back from her forehead, calmly wiped the perspiration from her nose, and flashed a pair of black eyes from Mike to myself.

"Which of you is J. R. Smith?" she softly asked.

"Neither of us; Mr. Smith is not in at present. Is there anything we could do for you?" I asked.

"Yes, you can hunt up Smith and tell him that a lady wishes to see him," she replied.

I discovered the handle of a mule whip protruding from under her wrap, and suspected trouble. I went out and found Smith, and told him of my suspicions.

"Go and get Jerky to find out what the trouble is," the mayor said. "It would not do for the candidate for sheriff to get a cowhiding."

Jerky walked in with me, and before I could introduce him, the lady flashed out her whip and struck a vicious blow at him.

He leaped over the press like a squirrel, yelling:

"Hold on, old gal! You are after the wrong coon. I haven't been sparking in your family."

"No, but I am going to whip the hide off your miserable back. I don't happen to be a crack shot, like your wife, but I can swing a mule whip. I will teach you to call my husband a drunkard!" and Jerky had to dodge around the job press to avoid a slashing cut of the whip.

"I tried to have the fool come down and shoot you, but he hasn't as much sand as a humming bird," she hissed, swinging her whip for a third trial.

Jerky jumped behind Mike, who humped his back and received the whole force of the lash.

"Get out of the road or take the consequences!" she exclaimed.

Mike whirled around and kicked Jerky, and in turn was picked up bodily by the marshal and hurled against the woman.

They fell together, the woman dropping the whip, and clutching his hair with both hands, began to remove it by the fist full.

With a wild yell, Mike tore himself away and shot through the door.

In the meantime Jerky had secured the whip, and taking the enraged lady by the arm, said:

"Madame, it becomes my painful duty, as marshal of this city, to arrest

you, and take you to the lock-up until such time as the mayor shall have opportunity to give you a hearing."

"Ain't you Smith?" she excitedly cried, as she brushed the hair from her eyes.

"Well, no, not exactly. Are you the wife of the editor of the Chronicle?"

"Yes, I am; and I came down to cowhide the man that wrote that slanderous article," she savagely said.

"Just so, Mrs. Tibbs. Now, your husband is aware that the mayor would sooner be shot than take a whipping of that kind, and in all probability he figured that you would be killed, and then he could marry the lawyer's—"

"Aha! that is the reason why the pink-hearted coward was so anxious for me to cowhide Smith. His vile admirer came with us, and they are in the woods now, waiting for me. Say, Mr. Marshal, if you will let me go, I will promise to never trouble you again, and I will quietly slip out. If things do not look serious enough to suit me, I will wake that couple up to the realities of life," she threatened.

"All right; go ahead," said Jerky.

We stood at the back door, waiting to see what might turn up. Presently a horseman dashed out of the timber and up the Red Rock road, at the top of the horse's speed.

"She has started him for home in something of a hurry," said Jerky.

A pair of women soon appeared, and rode leisurely toward the office.

"Say, you printer! Give my regards to Mr. Smith, and tell him to give the editor of the Chronicle another going over. I tried to catch him and bring him in, but he has the smartest horse, and got away. He has no more grit than a scared trout. It will be a cool day when he sets foot in my house again. Sorry I made any trouble inside here, but it was a mistake. Come on, Kit; it is getting late," she said to her companion.

"Won't you ladies have some refreshments?" Jerky asked. "It is a long ride to your place," he suggested, with a winning smile.

"Well, now, that is kind of you," the heroine of the whip said. "I am blessed if I have had a mouthful to day. You see, I was so red-hot mad that I could not eat. I feel easier like since I decided to bounce Josh. I gave him the choice of coming back and facing the music like a man, or leave me. He decided to throw me over, and it made me so mad that I would have dragged him down here if I could have caught him."

"I told him if I was in Mary's place, I would expose him, and bring the whole town about his cowardly ears," said the other lady; "and my threat scared him so that he sat on his hoss ready for a break till she showed up. He is no more fit to read a paper than a Texan steer is for a pet," she added, as she sprang off her saddle.

"I heard that you had some new lawyers down here," said the editor's wife.

"Yes; we have a new firm. It is composed of Mr. Briggs, there, and myself," said Jerky.

"Are you a lawyer? I declare, I would never have thought it. Could you two chaps get a divorce for me from that nondescript husband of mine? I will never call him my man again."

"Well, I should smile," answered Jerky. "Mr. Briggs, there, is the divorce lawyer, but I will make you a proposition. If you give us the case and we do not get a divorce for you we will not charge you a cent, and if we win, you pay us \$100. What do you say?"

"It is a go. Now, Kit, you witness the bargain. When will you have it?" she asked.

"Court sits on Wednesday. You be on hand early, as there is but one case ahead of yours, and we will have the document ready by 6 o'clock Wednesday night. Please give me your whole name, and the name of your husband," said Jerky, assuming a business air.

"My name is Mary Ellen Tibbs. His is Josh Tibbs. I will be on hand, and I want it fixed up solid, for I am done with him," the editor's wife said, as they followed Jerky to the hotel for their dinner.

W. W. GARTNER.

you, and take you to the lock-up until such time as the mayor shall have opportunity to give you a hearing."

"Ain't you Smith?" she excitedly cried, as she brushed the hair from her eyes.

"Well, no, not exactly. Are you the wife of the editor of the Chronicle?"

"Yes, I am; and I came down to cowhide the man that wrote that slanderous article," she savagely said.

"Just so, Mrs. Tibbs. Now, your husband is aware that the mayor would sooner be shot than take a whipping of that kind, and in all probability he figured that you would be killed, and then he could marry the lawyer's—"

"Aha! that is the reason why the pink-hearted coward was so anxious for me to cowhide Smith. His vile admirer came with us, and they are in the woods now, waiting for me. Say, Mr. Marshal, if you will let me go, I will promise to never trouble you again, and I will quietly slip out. If things do not look serious enough to suit me, I will wake that couple up to the realities of life," she threatened.

"All right; go ahead," said Jerky.

We stood at the back door, waiting to see what might turn up. Presently a horseman dashed out of the timber and up the Red Rock road, at the top of the horse's speed.

"She has started him for home in something of a hurry," said Jerky.

A pair of women soon appeared, and rode leisurely toward the office.

"Say, you printer! Give my regards to Mr. Smith, and tell him to give the editor of the Chronicle another going over. I tried to catch him and bring him in, but he has the smartest horse, and got away. He has no more grit than a scared trout. It will be a cool day when he sets foot in my house again. Sorry I made any trouble inside here, but it was a mistake. Come on, Kit; it is getting late," she said to her companion.

"Won't you ladies have some refreshments?" Jerky asked. "It is a long ride to your place," he suggested, with a winning smile.

"Well, now, that is kind of you," the heroine of the whip said. "I am blessed if I have had a mouthful to day. You see, I was so red-hot mad that I could not eat. I feel easier like since I decided to bounce Josh. I gave him the choice of coming back and facing the music like a man, or leave me. He decided to throw me over, and it made me so mad that I would have dragged him down here if I could have caught him."

"I told him if I was in Mary's place, I would expose him, and bring the whole town about his cowardly ears," said the other lady; "and my threat scared him so that he sat on his hoss ready for a break till she showed up. He is no more fit to read a paper than a Texan steer is for a pet," she added, as she sprang off her saddle.

"I heard that you had some new lawyers down here," said the editor's wife.

"Yes; we have a new firm. It is composed of Mr. Briggs, there, and myself," said Jerky.

"Are you a lawyer? I declare, I would never have thought it. Could you two chaps get a divorce for me from that nondescript husband of mine? I will never call him my man again."

"Well, I should smile," answered Jerky. "Mr. Briggs, there, is the divorce lawyer, but I will make you a proposition. If you give us the case and we do not get a divorce for you we will not charge you a cent, and if we win, you pay us \$100. What do you say?"

"It is a go. Now, Kit, you witness the bargain. When will you have it?" she asked.

"Court sits on Wednesday. You be on hand early, as there is but one case ahead of yours, and we will have the document ready by 6 o'clock Wednesday night. Please give me your whole name, and the name of your husband," said Jerky, assuming a business air.

"My name is Mary Ellen Tibbs. His is Josh Tibbs. I will be on hand, and I want it fixed up solid, for I am done with him," the editor's wife said, as they followed Jerky to the hotel for their dinner.

W. W. GARTNER.

Full Dress.

Hank Bitters (a prominent citizen of Oklahoma)—Goin' to the ball to-night, Ike?

Alkali Ike—I'd like to, mighty well, Hank, but I can't. You see, it is to be strictly a full-dress affair, and I've lost one of my spurs.

A Bad Break.

Briggs—Travers got himself into a scrape when he went to church last Sunday.

Griggs—How was that?

Briggs—The man across the aisle put a poker chip in the contribution box by mistake, and Travers said he would raise him.

Full Dress.

Hank Bitters (a prominent citizen of Oklahoma)—Goin' to the ball to-night, Ike?

Alkali Ike—I'd like to, mighty well, Hank, but I can't. You see, it is to be strictly a full-dress affair, and I've lost one of my spurs.

A Bad Break.

Briggs—Travers got himself into a scrape when he went to church last Sunday.

Griggs—How was that?

Briggs—The man across the aisle put a poker chip in the contribution box by mistake, and Travers said he would raise him.